

RECKLESS RALPH'S

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POPULAR SONGS OF DIME NOVEL TIMES

By George H. Cordier

The subject of the Dime Novel is one that admits of an infinite variety, and one phase of it was the popular songs dear to the hearts of the story readers of what is now a long past day.

In a previous article the writer mentioned several of these popular melodies, and he will now try and give a more comprehensive account of the songs that charmed the lovers of dramatic fiction some sixty and more years ago. These songs were generally first heard as sung by the Nigger Minstrel shows—then at the heights of their immense popularity,—and then they were played and sung every where. Every family who owned a piano had some member competent to play on it, and as one walked the streets in those long past days, through the open windows would come floating the notes of some one of the popular songs then in vogue; while the street organs, and the news boys contributed their share to swell the volume of popular melody.

The first of these enormously popular songs the writer will now endeavor to give some account, was the spirited and martial air—of which we give the last verse—

Let Me Like A Soldier Fall

"I only ask of that proud race,
Which ends its blaze in me,
To die the last and not disgrace
Its ancient chivalry;
Though o'er my clay no banner
Waves, no trumpet requiems swell,

Enough they murmur o'er my
Grave: 'He like a soldier fell.' "

It was but a short time after the close of the Civil War, and martial music led in popularity. Another song of the martial, heroic, romantic order, that was a favorite, and shared the popularity of the one just mentioned was—

A Warrior Bold

"In days of old, when knights were
bold,

And barons held their sway,
A warrior bold, with spurs of gold,
Sang merrily his lay;
My love is young and fair,
My love has golden hair,
And eyes so blue, and heart so true,
That none with her compare;
So what care I though death be nigh
I'll live for love or die.
So this brave knight in armor bright,
Went gallily to the fray;
He fought the fight, but in the night
His soul had passed away.
The plighted ring he wore,
Was crushed and wet with gore.
But ere he died, he bravely cried:
I hept the vow I swore
So what care I though death be nigh
I've fought for love and die."

As previously stated, many of the popular songs of the time had their origin in the minstrel shows and the writer will now give the first verses of two of the songs he first heard as sung by the Christy Minstrels—

Up In A Balloon

"Up in a balloon, boys,
Up in a balloon.
All among the little stars;
A sailing 'round the moon.
Up in a balloon, boys,

Up in a balloon,
Up in a balloon, boys,
Up in a balloon."

And another song sung by the same celebrated company—

Down In A Coal Mine

"Down in a coal mine,
Underneath the ground,
Where a gleam of sunshine
Never can be found;
Digging dusky diamonds,
All the season round,
Down in a coal mine
Underneath the ground."

A song the writer first heard many long years ago, and which has never been entirely forgotten; and that was the title of a play some time ago, in which was starred the famous actress Ethel Barrymore, was the gay, dashing air, of—

Captain Jinks

"I am Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines.

I feed my horse on corn and beans,
I often live beyond my means
Though a Captain in the Army.
I teach young ladies how to dance,
How to dance, how to dance,
I teach young ladies how to dance,
For I am the pet of the Army."

A song that was a general favorite, and was very famous at the time of which the writer treats, was the **Saber Song** from the comic opera **La Grande Duchess**. The opera and the song, had a most interesting history. It was the gay, splendid, brilliant, colorful days of the second French Empire. The days when France was the leader in Europe, and Napoleon III was at the height of his power and glory; while his beautiful Empress, the charming Eugene, set the fashion for all the world. The comic opera of Offenbach was then all the rage, and the most popular of the many he composed was **La Grande Duchess**.

The opera tells the story of how the sovereign of one of the petty states into which Europe was formerly divided—a lady—**The Grand Duchess**—falls in love with one of the common soldiers of her guard, and advances him, step by step, till he becomes the General in Chief of all her little army. The story was founded on fact. Queen Isabella of Spain—a most profligate woman—advanced one of her many lovers, also a common soldier, rank by rank—passing over

became a high ranking general. The scandal was notorious in Europe at the time.

In the opera the story was followed closely. In the first act was seen the camp of the **Grand Duchess'** little army, about to march to make war against another petty principality. The **Grand Duchess** attired in a picturesque and brilliant uniform, and surrounded by her court, appears on the scene. She orders her soldier lover to come forward and confers on him the rank of General, and invests him with the **Sacred Sword, The Sword of Garolstein**, the name of the little state over which she ruled.

As the soldier kneels to receive the venerated sword, the Duchess sings the first verse of the song—

"Bring me the Saber, The Saber, The Saber,

Bring me the Saber, The Saber of my Sire."

As she hands him the revered weapon, she sings the second verse; the entire court and the miniature army joining in the chorus—

"Take; Take; the Saber, the Saber, the Saber;

Take, Take the Saber, the **Sword of Garolstein**."

It is impossible by just reading the two verses of the song to get an idea of the life and swing, and stirring rhyme of the melody when all joined in the chorus; and under the spell of the inspiring music sang the song of the **Sword of Garolstein**.

It is over fifty years since the writer last hear the Opera of **La Grande Duchess** sung on the stage, but during all that time the **Saber Song** has been a beloved memory and has never ceased to cast its charm and spell over the mind and heart of the writer of this article.

A song that has never grown old, and never will grow old, is the beautiful, and charming **Silver Threads Among the Gold**, a song that can never die, and its haunting melody has thrilled the hearts of thousands from that long past day till the present time—

"Darling I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold,
Shine upon my brow today,
Life is fading fast away."

Another song that was a great fa-officers of valor and merit—until he forite was the pathetic—

Old Dog Tray

"Old dog Tray ever faithful,
Grief cannot drive him away;
He is gentle, he is kind,
And you will never, never find,
A better friend than Old Dog Tray."

One of the most noted and popular actors of the time was Lester Walleck. He had his own theatre in New York, **Walleck's Theatre**, and was an immense favorite. One of the plays he put on at his theatre was **Rosedale**, one of the old time melodramas. And Wallecks acting as the hero quite carried away the audience. The plot of the play turned upon the abduction of a little girl of noble family by the gypsies. The hero, in disguise, visits the gypsy camp, but not knowing in what tent she is confined he sings an old English ballad, with a quaint refrain—

"I met a policeman on the strand,
I knew he had a chase on hand,
Leedy; buddy; I for luddy I O!"

The supreme moment of the play was when the little girl, knowing the song well, creeps from under the tent and runs to her rescuer.

Another of the popular songs of the time was—

Camp Town Races

"Darktown ladies sing a song—
Doo-da! Doo-da!
Darktown ladies sing a song—
Doo-da; Doo-da day!
She's bound to run all night;
She's bound to run all day;
So bet your money on the Bobtailed nag—
Doo-da! Doo-da day!"

Another popular favorite was—

Two Black Crows

"Two black crows set
On a tree, as black, as black,
As crows could be
Caw! Caw! Caw!
Sed one black crow
Unto his mate,
What shall we do
For meat to eat?
Caw! Caw! Caw!"

One more of the comic songs of the time, was—

Shoo Fly

"Shoo fly, don't you bother me
For I belong to Company 'G'."

But the three comic songs that were most popular with the public, was first—

Oh! Susanna

"I came from Alabama, with my

Banjo on my knee;
I'm goine to Louisiana, my true
Love for to see."

Second was the immensely popular—
Mulligan Guards

"Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! We
Are marching down Broadway
Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!
Way down to Avenue 'A'."

But the song above all others that held first place in the affections of the public, especially the youthful portion thereof, who loved its nonsense jingle, was—

King of the Cannibal Islands

"Hokey pokey, wankey fum,
Poly kipences, muly kum.
Angry wangry, wingy wom,
The King of the Cannibal Islands."
"He had forty wives as
Black as soot;
And twenty of the dubble small,
Hokey poky, wankey fum,
The King of the Cannibal Islands."

Another of the loved songs of the far distant past was—

Ben Bolt

"Oh! don't you remember Sweet
Alice Ben Bolt?
Sweet Alice with hair so brown.
She wept with delight when
You gave her a smile, and
Trembled with fear
At your frown.
"In the old churchyard
In the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of
Granite so gray,
And Sweet Alice lies under the stone."

In bringing his article toward its close, the writer will now give some account of a number of the war songs that were sung in the camps of the opposing armies, and fired the hearts of both the Blue and the Gray.

The writer well remembers hearing these songs continually during his boyhood and youth, but now they are never heard anymore, or very rarely. Whenever the Union or Confederate veterans had a meeting, then was the time when the old songs were heard the best as the old soldiers joined all together in the rousing chorus. The first of these old war songs I will give was—

Columbia

"Columbia the gem of the
Ocean.
The land of the brave and
The free,

The shrine of each patriots
Devotion.

The world offers homage
To thee.

They mandates make heros
Assemble, when Liberty's
Form stands in view,
And thy banners make
Tyranny tremble,
When bourne by the Red, White and
Blue."

Another of these old timers I will
offer was the immensely popular—

Marching Through Georgia

"Bring the good old bugle, boys,
We will sing another song.
Sing it as we used to sing it
Fifty thousand strong.
Sing it with a chorus that
Will set the world along
As we were marching through Georgia."

Chorus—

"How the darkies laughed and sang,
When they heard the joyful sound.
How the sweet potatoes even started
From the ground.
How the turkeys gobbled our
Commissary 'found'.
When we were marching through
Georgia."

Another dearly loved song was—

Rally Round The Flag

"We will rally round the flag, boys;
We will rally once again.
Shouting the battle cry of freedom,
We will rally from the mountain
We will rally from the plain
Shouting the battle cry of freedom."
Chorus—

"The Union forever! Hurrah
Boys! Hurrah;
Down with the traitor
And up with the star!
And we will rally
Round the flag boys
Rally once again;
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!"

And one more—

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

"Tramp! Tramp! Tramp; The
Boys are marching
Cheer on comrades we will come.
And beneath the starry flag
We will breathe the air again
Of that freedom in our own
Dear native land."

The writer begs the indulgence of
his readers in presenting the above
songs, as he has had to depend on
his memory and is therefore uncertain
as to the exact words and titles of

the songs, he having last heard some
of them sung and played, many long
years ago when a child.

The writer will now give a verse or
two, of two of the songs which in the
Civil War days, were dear to south-
ern hearts.

The Bonny Blue Flag

"Hurrah! Hurrah! For
Southern rights Hurrah!
Hurrah for the Bonny Blue Flag,
That bears the single star."

The flag with the single star be-
ing the banner of Texas, one large
silver star in a blue field.

Maryland

"Maryland, my Maryland!
Maryland! my Maryland!
The despots' hell is on they shore,
His torch is at thy temple door,
Avenge the patriotic gore;
That fleets the streets of Baltimore.
And be the battle queen of yore.
Maryland, my Maryland!"

In closing, the writer hopes that
his article will afford some interest
and information. He having spent
considerable time and labor gather-
ing together the data of which he
writes.

NOVELNUT NONSENSE

WAKE SNAKES AND CRAWL:
Bro. McIntyre acknowledges with
thanks the receipt of the eight pup-
pies sent him by Bro. McCafferty of
Texas, but fails to see how he can
illustrate his temperance-talks with
puppies. Mac wants SNAKES, Live
ones. Also pink lizards.

WAR FRONT: The remarkable
scramble among our members to
join-up, is the talk of the country.
Advices from Moscow tell of Bro.
Moran's demonstration of the value
of a charge to our Russian Allies.
Pat made a brilliant charge to the
rear. He explained that he'd rather
show the white feather for five min-
utes than to be dead all the rest of
his life.

PATRIOTIC IMPULSE moved a
company of our members, twelve
strong, to march towards Japan,
captained by Bro. Barton. Three
miles out, lumbago won-out over our
Jap-killers. The return was made on
stretchers except for Bro. Crauford,
who is still marching on to glory.

SOME SIMPLE INSTRUCTIONS
to our fighting members follow—
When you see a bullet coming your

way, dodge to the left. If it is a cannon-ball, dodge to the right. Shoot all Japs in the neck. Shoot all Nazis in the behind. Shoot all Fascists anywhere. (Liver preferred.) When the battle seems lost, run to the General, salute, and tell him what to do. If nicked by shrapnel, shriek loudly and make a sort of clawing gesture in the air. Then lie down and roll up in the flag. (It's a winner, ask any Senator.) After hostilities cease, refuse any pensions, definitely and decisively.

WHILE STOMPING ABOUT to imitate reindeer in back of the curtain at school exercises, Santa Claus Love's whiskers caught fire and exploded. Delbert's whiskers were allergic to a lighted cigarette. Forty cents worth of arnica and a handful of flour made a repair bill of 42-cts.

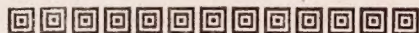
BRIEF MENTION: President Cummings, our production fireball, has finally got rid of his hookworm. It was a honey.—Under war-time stress, Bro. Austin's mind finally gave way. He ran amuck on the village-plaza clad in his clout-uniform only, with the thermometer at zero, but Uncle Charlie does many funny things.—In a hollow voice, Bro. Krajic informed us that cousin Bohuslav Popplkoff the bomb-thrower, returned to Russia and was hanged. Bohuslav is being shipped back to Joe in a barrel packed in salt, charges collect.—Bro. Maroske is out again, while Bro. Couch is in again, and Bro. Jonas is out on probation, and Bro. Miller's thirty days will be up tomorrow. When will our members quit hellin' around?

INCIDENTALS: Bro. Bill Burns was found eating a carrot so that he could see better at night. Wherefore the night-prowling, Bill?—Applications of the Sultan of Swat and the King of England to membership are under consideration—Bro. Hurd has sold his canal-boat and gone on the stage.—Bro. Madison's pickle-works are closed down for the duration, and Bro. Sahr has offered his Glue Factory to the Govt. Real patriots these two Brothers of ours.

WE LEARN THAT in order to dress for dinner, Bro. Bill Burns has merely to tuck his shirt-tail into his trousers. Bill says that "she always works upward behind."

Brother Beck's old brown hen, Marthy, has laid another egg. George,

who has the voice of an angel, sings high tenor in the local branch of the Salvation Army, but figures on quitting. He says there is no money in it.

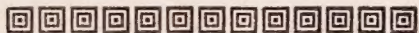


"FREE ADVERTISEMENT!"

Why, sure, it ought to be 'free aid', too, notwithstanding! O ho! All the brawny, horny-handed he-males with thick mats of hair on their broad chests upon which the "clinging vines"—if any there be left! weep copiously, now may have occasion to laugh again, along with "Anonymous Contributor, of the August number of R U and "Seajay" of the September number. List! "Handsome Herm", lazily lolling in the bright sunshine down in the vicinity where the famous Suwanee meanders down to the gulf, yearns with all his being to have "a few copies of his wants supplied," (a la A C of the above), and over which he will "weep tears of joy" and may dissolve in brine, concerning ibid.

Perhaps the sympathetic, lymphatic Brother Bragin, (heh! heh!) and the other "brawny, horny" above may reach down to the bottom of their trunks (not swimming—ks, or elsewhere, meaning where else!) and send the aforesaid fecetious Apollo of the warm sands a card telling him that he has found, written by that famous sob-sister of all time—Clay, alias Braeme—any or all of these tear-jerkers:

Dora Thorne, Heiress of Hilldrop; A Golden Heart; Romance of a Black Veil; Set in Diamonds; Put Asunder, or Lady Castlemain's Divorcee; Lost Lady of Haddon; Thorns and Orange Blossoms; or any others. Address card to Hermon Pitcher, 328 N. Alachua St., Lake City, Florida.



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NEWSY NEWS

by Ye Editor

"Remember Pearl Harbor", seems to be the pass word now a days. We should remember it, for all the lives lost and damage done, down in the Philippines, so remember it we shall.

I wonder how many of us will be called to the colors in the next draft? It's very hard to say, off hand, just now. God be with us, whether we have to go, or not. We'll do all we can.

Word has just been received that Member No. 59—R. R. Scales, Myrtle Beach, S. C., passed away some time last June. God Bless him. Although we never knew much about him, he had been a very prominent collector of old English bloods and penny Dreadfuls.

Talk about rare novels, how's this one? Beadles Half Dime Novelettes, No. 1, and the only one ever published, as it seems to be very interesting. Guess they were a poor seller, too bad, both in story and make-up. Size 4x6½ inches, 64 pages, no illustration on front cover, yellow salmon covers. Title "Myrtle, The Child of the Prairies" by Rose Kennedy (Mrs. Orrville J. Victor). The novel came out in 1860. It's in fine A-1 condition for its age, for it is now 82 years old. Just like the day it came off the press. Published by Beadle and Company, 141 Williams St., Corner of Fulton, New York, N. Y. (Ross & Tousey, Gen'l Agts.) Published semi-monthly. No illustration on cover. There are five half dimes on the cover, one in each corner, and one in the middle of Beadles Half Dime Novelette. It's a beauty, if there ever was one.

Charles Bragin, 1525 W. 12th St., Brooklyn, N. Y., has compiled a Bibliography of Aeronautica in Dime Novels at the request of the Institute of Aeronautical Sciences. This book has a lot of our Frank Reade's and others in it. In fact everything about mechanical flying that all the novels have ever published. It is said that a copy will be sent to all libraries and students, that are interested in aviation literature, as long as the supply lasts.

On the "Information Please" program a short while ago Fadiman threw out the question, "Name four books which have coins in their title."

"Frank on the Lower Mississippi," said F. P. A. promptly, which is not as surprising an answer as it might seem for he had just finished a very delightful preface to Jacob Blanck's new book on Harry Castleman, who made the nem of Frank (with a "K") famous.

The National Geographical Mag., for Oct. 1936, page 399, has a nice lot of dime Nickel Novels hung up with clothes pins for sale in Spain, Nick Carters and Buffalo Bills, 25 of them.

The Billy the Kid article of J. P. Guinon's in the April issue of the Roundup, sure showed the Movie up as a fake.

Wm. M. Kreling, 180 San Anselmo Ave., San Francisco, Calif. has been very sick, back along for the past year, but hopes he will continue to gain in health, so he'll be able to get back in the Novel trading game again. Be sure and write to him, and send your trade lists.

It's too late now to have the Almanac that I was planning on, unless things happen to change. If they do, I'll let you know. Sorry it's so late.

Wanted—Large Atlases, 1820 to 1870. Please advise us in detail if you have any. Hollenback's Old Book Shop, 751 State St. Schenectady, N. Y.

Have Frank Leslie's Sunday Mag. Vol. 17, 1885—nice, also Nick Carter's, etc. Write to K. S. Muninest, 453 W. College Ave., York, Pa.

Please Quote—Baseball Magazines, miscellaneous issues, also all of 1920. Searchlight Book Co., 1674 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

I want Harper's Bazar from 1914 to 1930. Please quote if you have any. The Charlotte Bookshop, 107 E. 4th St., Charlotte, N. C.

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My add in the last issue of the Roundup brought real results—landed eight copies of my wants in Secret Service but still want the following numbers: 115, 118, 120, 121, 137, 157, 170, 178, 179, 208, 249, 254, 291, 310, 312, 369, 370, 382, 388, 402, 406, 415, 421, 433, 434, 445, 448, 481, 482, 491, 495, 500, 505, 511. If you have any of these, let me know what you want in exchange, or name your price.

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